

BY GEORGE W. BUNGAY.

How sweet the chime of the Sabbath bells!  
Each one its creed in music tells,  
In tones that float upon the air,  
As soft as song, as sweet as prayer;  
And I will put in simple rhyme  
The language of the golden chime;  
My happy heart with rapture swells  
Responsive to the bells, sweet bells.

"Ye purifying waters swell!"  
In mellow tones rang out a bell;  
"Though faith alone in Christ can save,  
Man must be plunged beneath the wave,  
To show the world unflinching faith  
In what the sacred Scripture saith;  
Oh, swell! ye rising waters, swell!"  
Pealed out the clear-toned Baptist bell.

"Oh, heed the ancient landmarks well!"  
In solemn tones exclaimed a bell;  
"No progress made by mortal man  
Can change the just, eternal plan;  
With God there can be nothing new;  
Ignore the false, embrace the true,  
While all is well! is well! is well!"  
Pealed out the deep-toned Dutch church bell.

"In deeds of love excel! excel!"  
Chimed out from ivied towers a bell;  
"This is the church not built on sands,  
Emblem of one not built with hands;  
Its forms and sacred rights revere—  
Come worship here! come worship here!  
In rituals and faith excel!"  
Chimed out the Episcopalian bell.

"Not faith alone, but works, as well,  
Must test the soul!" said a soft bell;  
"Come here and cast aside your load!  
And work your way along the road,  
With faith in God, and faith in man,  
And hope in Christ, where hope began;  
Do well! do well! do well! do well!"  
Rang out the Unitarian bell.

"To all the truth we tell, we tell!"  
Shouted, in ecstasies, a bell;  
"Come all ye weary wanderers, see!  
Our Lord has made salvation free;  
Repent, believe, have faith, and then  
Be saved! and praise the Lord! Amen!  
Salvation's free! we tell! we tell!"  
Shouted the Methodist bell.

"Farewell! farewell! base world, farewell!"  
In touching tones exclaimed a bell;  
"Life is a boon to mortals given;  
To fit the soul for bliss in heaven;  
Do not invoke the avenging rod;  
Come here and learn the way to God,  
Say to the world 'farewell, farewell!'"  
Pealed forth the Presbyterian bell.

"In after life there is no hell!"  
In raptures rang a cheerful bell;  
"Look up to heaven this holy day,  
When angels wait to lead the way;  
There are no fires, no fiends to blight,  
The future life, be just and right,  
No hell! no hell! no hell! no hell!"  
Rang out the Universalist bell.

"The Pilgrim fathers heeded well  
My cheerful voice!" pealed forth a bell;  
"No fetters here to clog the soul;  
No arbitrary creeds control  
The free heart and progressive mind  
That leaves the dusty paths behind,  
Speed well! speed well! speed well! speed well!"  
Pealed forth the Independent bell.

"No pope, no pope, to doom to hell  
The Protestant!" rang out a bell;  
"Great Luther left his fiery zeal  
Within the hearts that truly feel  
That loyalty to God will be  
The fealty that makes men free,  
No images where incense fells!"  
Rang out old Martin Luther's bell.

"Find rest; find rest; find rest; find rest;  
Upon our holy mother's breast;  
From wearying strifes that never cease  
The mother church gives rest and peace;  
Come, penitents, your sins confess,  
Where white-robed priests the faithful bless,  
While sacred masses peal and swell!"  
Deeply tolled the Roman Catholic bell.

Neatly attired, in manner plain,  
A pilgrim soot—no spot, no stain—  
Slowly with soft and measured tread,  
In quaker garb—no white, no red—  
To passing friend I heard him say,  
"Here worship thou, this is the way;  
No churchly form, it is not well;  
No bell—no bell—no bell—no bell."

## THE SURGEON'S STORY.

"Will you buy my body, sir?"

I, Charles Maricham, a young physician, was sitting alone in the dusky little room that the sign without dignified with the title of "office," when these words fell upon my ears. I had just returned from visiting the few patients I could boast of, thoroughly heart-sick at the want of humanity in the world, and wet to the skin.

I never remember a worse night in all respects. It was as cold as the Arctic, blustering, and the sleet that rattled upon the windows soon covered them with a coat of ice. It had stormed heavily all day, the stores were closed, and the sidewalk vendors driven to shelter.

"God help anyone that is forced to be abroad to-night," I had thought as I hurried along after finishing my professional duties and braced my way homeward.

But scarcely had I reached it, changed my saturated garments, coaxed the sparkling antherite into a cheerful glow and made myself comfortable, and begun building castles in Spain of the time when I should have a lucrative practice, ride in my carriage and own a brown stone front, when the strange and heart-chilling words fell upon my ears, causing all my pleasant fancies to drift away in an instant.

"Will you buy my body, sir?"

I sprung from my easy-chair, dropping my well-colored merschaum in my astonishment, and turned to see who it was that, like Poe's raven, had uttered those terrible words.

"Will you buy my body, sir?"

The question was repeated for the second time before I had sufficiently recovered myself to be convinced that it came from no ill-omened bird, but from a form of human semblance, at least. Yet the question was so utterly unusual, so much at variance with all preconceived notions of barter and sale, that all I could do was to push a chair toward the intruder and stare in silent wonderment.

In a few moments the self-command I

## The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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had learned during my hospital practice came to my aid, and I saw that my visitor was a woman—or a girl, rather, for she could not have been more than nineteen or twenty at the utmost; and that, if it had not been for the extreme pallor of the face; the pinched-up look about the mouth, and the sad, sunken eyes, she would have possessed, far more than is ordinarily the case, the gift of beauty. The flickering light of the fire flashed upon the soft, brown hair, giving it more golden glory, and dissolving the snowflakes that had lodged there, making them glitter like liquid pearls. This much, and that the dress and shawl were made of the cheapest material, and but a poor defense against the howling storm and pitiless cold, and the strange request darted again with lightning rapidity through my brain.

"Draw nearer to the fire," said I. "You are numbed. Warm yourself, and—"

"I have no time, and must not stay," she answered with a sigh, though she dropped heavily into a chair and brushed away the snow-drops from her face with her thin white hand.

Without waiting for further remonstrance I hastened to get some reviving medicine, of which I saw she stood much in need, and with a gentle force held it to her lips.

"I cannot, I cannot," she gasped, half pushing it away.

"You must," I insisted. "Remember that I am a physician, that this is a prescription, and that your life may depend upon it."

"Life! O God! How long and sad! Will it give me strength?"

"That certainly is the object I have in urging you to take it. What else should it be?"

"Give it to me."

And she swallowed it down without a murmur, save one of thankfulness.

I wheeled her chair up nearer the fire, and stirred the coals to a more brilliant glow, hoping that the potion would quiet her excitement, awake the chilled blood to a warmer, swifter glow, and that sleep would follow.

And for a moment I was right. The little hands dropped nervelessly into her lap; the softly-veiled lids dropped over the deep-blue eyes; the head fell forward upon the breast. But alas! it was a momentary delusion. In another instant she sprang to her feet again, pressed her hands upon her temples, as if to still their throbbings, and looked wildly around.

"O God," she exclaimed, "I here, amid warmth and comfort, and—"

Convulsive sobs checked any further utterance.

"Sit down and tell me the reason of your coming here," I almost commanded, as I placed her in the chair.

"Ah! I remember all now. Remember! Is there no such thing as forgetfulness? Yes, I remember all. I came here to—"

"Be calm. I understand that you are in need, and came for assistance."

"I came," she replied, and looked on me with utter despair, and spoke so calmly that it made my blood run cold.

"I came here, doctor, to sell you my body."

Was I talking to a woman or a maniac? The latter was certainly my thought; but I could detect nothing in the clear blue eyes of the wanderings of insanity.

"Sell her body!" She spoke of it as an every-day transaction.

"Great Heaven!" I exclaimed, laying my fingers upon her pulse with the expectation of finding it bounding with race-horse rapidity; but, on the contrary, finding it far more calm than my own.

"Great Heaven! you cannot be in earnest!"

"I am in earnest. God alone knows how much in earnest. It was my last resort. Will you buy it?"

And she reached out her hand toward me, as a miser would have done, who heard the dear sound of jingling gold.

"How can I purchase it when you are still alive?"

"But I will soon be dead, and then—then you can claim it. For the love of Heaven, give me a little, just a little money." And the hitherto dry eyes were flooded with tears.

"Why do you wish to sell? You cannot but understand that it is an unheard-of proceeding. Our profession never purchases bodies (how I shuddered as I gazed into her face while I was forcing myself to calmly utter the words) before death, no matter what they do offer."

"I know it; but I must have money, and there is no other means left me to get it. I must have it now—instantly."

And she would have risen again, but I resolutely held her down.

"For what purpose do you want it?"

"To purchase food, fire, medicine."

"For yourself?"

"Ah! no. Had that been the case I would never have come hither. I would have laid down in the gutter and died, God knows how willingly."

"But tell me," she continued, almost fiercely, "will you give me some money? I must have it—must have it."

"If not for yourself, in the name of Heaven, for whom do you make such a fearful sacrifice? Is it for one who is very near and dear to you?"

"It is—my little sister."

The words dropped from her tongue

as they might have from that of an angel, and her face wore as holy a light as if she had already been star-crowned.

"Then she is sick?"

"She is dying! dying! and I am sitting idly here!"

"Why did you not tell me this before?"

"Because I had begged so long in vain. I had no money to pay the doctor, and who would go forth on such a night as this without it?"

My blood boiled so that I could not answer. Could there be such men? Alas! reason told me in a moment that her words were but too true and I almost cursed my race. Without delay I gathered up such things as I thought might be of service, wrapped the delicate form in a heavy cloak, and, with a few whispered words of comfort, we sallied out together into the black night and merciless storm and cold.

Fortunately the distance we had to travel was but a short one. A few blocks passed and she led me up several flights of dismal, creaking steps, into a room.

"Florence, is that you?" I heard asked by what my ear convinced me was a pair of childish, almost infantile, lips.

"Yes, my darling, lie still for a moment."

"I am so glad. You have been so long—so very long away, and I am so sick, and cold, and hungry, and it was so dark, and I have been so frightened at the strange noises!"

My fair guide had been making preparations to obtain a light, but when she heard these words she flew to the other side of the room and I knew many kisses were given and returned.

"Excuse me, sir," she said, as she turned and lighted the remnant of a candle.

"Excuse me, but I have been so long away from Bessie."

I answered not. Her voice had a melody in it now attuned by love, that I wished to linger unbroken on my ear, like the strains of some songs I have heard, which haunted me for years.

In a moment the candle shed a sickly light around the little room. Little, indeed, and unfurnished to nothingness! One scantily-covered bed was all! But within I saw a sweet face that made me forget all else. I approached it and laid my hand on the pulse of the little sufferer.

"Who are you?" she asked, drawing back in alarm.

"He is a doctor, Bessie, dear; a dear, good, kind friend," replied her sister; and from that moment she became perfectly passive in my hands.

It did not require one learned in the science of *materia medica* to see what was required. I made the proper prescription, saw that it was tenderly administered, told the elder sister that I would be back in a few minutes, and, resisting all attempts to light me downstairs, groped my way into the street.

I had noticed an eating-house at but a little distance, as we came along, and a statement of the case, backed by that all-powerful king of the world, gold, soon procured the loan of a disused stove, a couple of chairs, fuel, light and proper food, and in a brief half hour the little room was something like an air of comfort.

Another hour the eyes of the child were closed in slumber, and I urged her sister to seek repose, but in vain.

"At least lie down and let me cover you with my cloak," I urged.

"No, doctor," was the constant reply, "I cannot. I'm so happy. It must have been God that directed my wandering footsteps to you."

And so we sat, with the night wind roaring without, watching the almost angelic face of the peacefully-slumbering child—sat and talked of what I was most anxious to hear. But the conversation of those long, dark hours can be condensed into a very brief space.

She who would have sold her body for the sake of giving a little longer life to her sister was the daughter of at least supposed wealth. But a few years previously she could have held her head as high as the highest. Both birth and education fitted her for it. But misfortunes came—a series of disasters upon land and sea, against whom no human forethought could guard, combined with treachery and ingratitude of the deepest followed the death of their mother, leaving an infant but a few months old.

The fond father struggled against the tide manfully for a brief time, when his health gave way, and he followed his wife through the dark valley and beyond the shining river, leaving the elder sister to provide for the younger.

"For a time," continued the poor girl, "I was able to live comfortably by the sale of the furniture and articles of value I possessed. Then—why should I unbecom myself to a stranger?" she asked, stopping suddenly and looking me full in the face.

"Because," I replied, with a smile at her earnestness, "because you have found a true heart, and one that can feel for you."

"Yes, may heaven be thanked! I feel that it is so. Well, I struggled on—no, fought were the better word," she continued, with the lines about her mouth suddenly becoming hard. "I fought for life, sometimes teaching, sometimes sewing—"

ing—in short, doing anything that my strength permitted, until sickness came; still I did not give way to despair. Truly I was bound to the stake—a sweet one—my darling sister."

"And found no employment?"

"None. Piece by piece I parted with the little furniture that I was the possessor of, until what you see was all that remained."

"My poor child!"

"It is true, and then, great Heaven! upon this bitter night, with all my hope gone, I determined to sell my body to some surgeon."

"What in the name of Heaven could have put such an idea in your head?"

"I don't know. I cannot tell. Somewhere I had either read it or heard of something of the kind."

"You must have been very desperate."

"On the verge of distraction. I had but one dream, one desire—to save my darling even a single hour of pain."

"Have you no relatives?"

"Not a single one that I know of. Both of my parents were only children when their parents came from foreign lands."

She paused and turned to smooth the hair of the slumbering Bessie, and imprint a kiss on the curl-wreathed and snowy brow; and I thought what desperate trials one like her must have passed through in order to look calmly upon giving herself to the knife, and the jests of the dissecting-room! And I thought, too, of the sterling truth of her young heart when so hedged by want and pain in their most terrible shapes. I thought, too—but she interrupted me by saying:

"My kind—indeed, I might say only—friend, whom God raised up for me in the hour when all was darkness and misery, and black death and a pauper's grave stared me in the face—my kind friend—but I am—have been keeping you from your rest."

"Mo! A physician's rest is one that is constantly broken in upon, and—will you pardon me?—I have never had my heart so deeply touched nor my feelings so much interested in all my life."

A faint rose-bush crept up from the exquisitely-molded throat and mantled the soft cheeks. She took my hand and pressed it to her lips, leaving a warm, lingering kiss upon it. Did I suddenly build any castles in Spain?

When the morning light broke again over the gay city the storm had ceased, and nature smiled—coldly, it is true, but brilliantly. The was a peaceful breakfast served in that little room, but the dinner was served in far other quarters.

As I write these lines, I, with some, at least, of my dreams of wealth and position realized, sit in a cozy study and listen to the wretched howlings of the tempest without. There is a beautiful brown-haired woman sewing near, and a sprig of a girl decorating a snow-white kitten with crimson ribbons, on the rug in front of the glowing grate.

I looked up suddenly from the book I was reading, at the former. Our eyes met. Are we both thinking of the past? It may be so. She steals softly behind my chair, and twines her arms around my neck.

"Darling, do you remember such a night as this, scarcely a year ago?" she said.

"Yes; I was thinking of it."

"And of what brought me to you?"

"Yes."

She bends still nearer to me. I feel her warm breath upon my cheeks. I feel her fervent kiss—such a one as only a young and loving wife can give, and I hear, as it was whispered rather by spirit than by mortal lips:

"Now, my darling, I am indeed yours, with my whole soul."

## A Family Journal.

In a certain farmhouse twenty years ago a great blank-book was kept and labeled Home Journal. Every night somebody made an entry in it. Father set down the sale of the calves, or mother the cutting of the baby's eye-tooth; or, perhaps, Jenny wrote a full account of the sleighing party last night; or Bob the proceedings of the Phi Beta Club; or Tom scrawled, "Tried my new gun. Bully. Shot into the fence and Johnson's old cat."

On toward the middle of the book there was an entry of Jenny's marriage, and one of the younger girls had added a description of the bridesmaids' dresses, and long afterward there was written, "This day father died," in Bob's trembling hand. There was a blank of many months after that.

But nothing could have served better to bind that family of headstrong boys and girls together than the keeping of this book. They came back to the old homestead now, men and women with grizzled hair, to see their mother who is still living, and turn over its pages reverently with many a hearty laugh, or the tears coming into their eyes. "It is their childhood come back again in visible shape."

The best animal food is said to be the flesh of the sheep, and the best vegetable food that of from wheat.

## Origin of Plants.

Madder came from the East. Cabbage grew wild in Siberia. Buckwheat came from Siberia. Celery originated in Germany. The chestnut came from Italy. The onion originated in Egypt. Tobacco is a native of Virginia. Millet was first known in India. The pine is a native of America. Oats originated in North Africa. The citron is a native of Greece. The nettle is a native of Europe. The poppy originated in the East. Rye came originally from Siberia. The pansy is a native of Arabia. Sunflower was brought from Persia. Parsley was first known in Sardinia. The pear and apple are from Europe. Spinach was first cultivated in Arabia.

The mulberry tree originated in Persia. The horse chestnut is a native of Thibet.

The cucumber came from the East Indies. The quince came from the Island of Crete.

The radish is a native of China and Japan. The garden cress is from Egypt and the East.

Pears are supposed to be of Egyptian origin. Hemp is a native of Persia and the East Indies.

Horse-radish came from the south of Europe. Barley was found in the mountains of Hymalaya.

The coriander grows wild near the Mediterranean.

## Mispronunciations.

It is possible that some one who reads the title of this article may find himself guilty of failing to pronounce *ci* like *sh* in *shun*. I find that my lady friend, who is very precise in her language, will persist in accenting "*etiquette*" on the first instead of the last syllable. My good minister, who has the greatest aversion to anything wrong, was greatly surprised when I firmly suggested to him that "*aspirant*" should be accented on the penult, while my musical niece mortified me, the other day, by pronouncing "*finale*" in two syllables. I heard my geological friend explaining the "*subsidences*" of the earth's crust, but he should have accented the second instead of the first syllable. The same mistake happened the other day, to my friend, the president of the Reform Society, who spoke of the "*vagaries*" of certain people by accenting the first instead of the second syllable. He also announced that I would follow an "*address*," that evening, but I knew it was not polite to tell him to accent the last syllable. My boysays he left school at "*vecess*," accenting the first syllable, and he was loth to believe that, whatever the meaning of the word, it should be accented on the final syllable. Then my friend, the President of the Debating Club, who is a great student of "*Cushing's Manual*," tells us that a motion to adjourn takes the "*precedence*" by accenting the first instead of the second syllable. My other lady friend says that she lives in a house having a "*cupelion*." She should consult a dictionary for that word. But I will close by remarking that my legal friend, who is very scholarly, always accents "*coadjutor*" on the second instead of the third, where it rightfully belongs.—*New England Journal of Education*.

## He Had an Excuse.

In the Elmira Gazette we find the following description of a "scene from nature" in that city:

In an Erie railway waiting room, the other evening, a young man with his best store clothes on sat and hugged a girl for over an hour, and she didn't seem to care if he hugged her right along for half a day. She was so terribly homesick that everybody wondered how he could love her, and by and by he seemed to think that an explanation would be in order. He borrowed a chew of tobacco from a man near the door, and remarked:

"I'm going to hug that girl all the way home, though I know she isn't purty."

"I wouldn't," briefly replied the man. "And that's where you'd fool yourself," continued the young man. "When I'm hugging a hundred acres of clean, nice land, with forty head of stock on it, I can make the homeliest girl in the world look like an angel to me."

And he went back to put in his time again.

A teacher in a Sunday school, says the New York Evening Post, was explaining to his class of boys the meaning of "*Jacob's ladder*," when one of the number, more inquisitive than attentive, inquired: "If the angels had wings what was the need of a ladder for them?"

This was a poser, and while he was meditating a reply and unable to answer, another boy exclaimed, "I'll bet I can tell what they used the ladder for." "Out with it, then," said the teacher. "Oh, I guess they were molting."

## Arkansas Valley.

LARNED—PAWNEE VALLEY—HEALTHFULNESS—FARMING—FRUIT GROWING—STOCKRAISING—MARKETS, ETC.

LARNED, KANSAS, April 26, '76.

EDITOR INDEPENDENT: During the last three months I have been examining the Arkansas Valley for the purpose of finding the best place to secure a farm and home in a rich, healthful agricultural country, where land is cheap, winters mild, markets good, and where schools and churches are established and well sustained; and have found all these advantages and more in the Arkansas Valley, between Hutchinson and Larned, Kansas.

LARNED.

The capital of Pawnee county was laid out about two years ago, on the north bank of the Arkansas River, where it receives Pawnee Creek, directly on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway, about three hundred miles west of Atchison. It now has a population of about one thousand six hundred, which is rapidly increasing, not less than thirty houses are now being built, including two large stone blocks, and a fine school house.

Society is good; only one liquor saloon in the vicinity, public worship and Sabbath schools well attended, the Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptists are building commodious churches. There is one weekly newspaper here and another starting.

THE PAWNEE VALLEY.

Which is about one hundred miles long, from the north-west, joins the Arkansas here, and like Walnut Valley, is several miles wide, and has very rich soil, and considerable timber, though not sufficient for fuel and building.

In this valley I saw several large herds of cattle and flocks of fine sheep, one numbering over two thousand, all doing well without any grain.

This valley like the Arkansas, is underlaid with coarse sand and gravel, through which flows pure water near the surface, at least the width of the valley, thus supplying vegetation with sufficient moisture to insure good crops in the dry-est season.

FARMING.

There are not exceeding fifty well improved farms in the county, owing to its recent settlement; but there are more than a thousand farms partially improved, and almost every one has some winter wheat, all growing beautifully. The average yield of this crop in the county last year was about twenty-five bushels to the acre; oats, barley, rye and corn all do well, especially in the valleys.

Potatoes, both common and sweet, onions, tomatoes, pumpkins, squashes, melons, and all kinds of vegetables yield very large crops.

FRUIT GROWING.

This industry has not yet been extensively tested, but the soil and climate seem to be well adapted; apples, pears, plums, cherries and all smaller fruits, and especially for peaches and grapes. Wild plums and grapes of large size and excellent quality are found in great abundance along the Arkansas, Pawnee and their affluents, both ripening in July and August. Several men are giving their attention to the business of fruit growing, and with farmers will doubtless be well rewarded for their labor, as there will always be a good market.

GOOD MARKET.

for the farm, garden and orchard products of this region, at home to immigrants, until the country shall have been all settled, and even now the demand for these articles in the great now-producing mining and stock-raising regions of Colorado and New Mexico, insures a ready market and good prices; since the completion of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway to Pueblo, Colorado, and the extension of the Denver and Rio Grande road south, from there to El Moro, near the northern border of New Mexico, and to within ninety miles of the Great San Juan mines.

THE HEALTHFULNESS.

of Larned and vicinity is indicated by the fact that when the sons and daughters of Adam came up to settle Larned, five physicians also came with them, but four of the five departed from Larned during the first year, and the one remaining had to combine merchandizing with his practice in order to live, this gentleman, whose reputation is very good, says that his practice has not required the use of more than a half an ounce of quinine during the last year, and he is the only physician in the county. During the last three months ninety-seven thousand eight



## DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor.  
PORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate Editor.  
HENRY WINTER SYLVE, Foreign Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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### Deaf-Mute Service at Potsdam.

There will be a service for deaf-mutes in the Convocation of Ogdensburg, in Trinity Church, Potsdam, N. Y., the Rev. H. R. Howard, rector. The Rev. G. C. Pennell, S. T. D., will officiate in the sign language. The class for confirmation will meet at 6 o'clock on the evening of Wednesday, May 18th; service at 7 o'clock. On Thursday, May 19th, at 9 1/2 A. M., the Holy Communion will be celebrated.

### The Last Meeting of the Boston Deaf-mute Library Association.

Pursuant to notice previously given, deaf-mute residents of the Hub City and its vicinity, held a meeting Tuesday evening, April 25th, at the Library Association hall. The hall was crowded, as there was much curiosity to know what further proceedings would be entered into by the officers of the society. It had been rumored that it would be closed. The meeting was called to order by President Geo. A. Holmes, who explained the object of the meeting. He said he had a letter from the trustees of the society, which he wished to lay before the meeting, and said he expected the society would have to be dissolved, and thought that no other similar organization would spring up, nor would the old one be revived. The trustees were determined to put down any such attempt. One of the trustees said in the letter that he was intimate with all the quarrels and had finally concluded that it was hopeless to expect that the deaf-mutes of Boston could ever manage any society and its finances right, that all their conduct of such has been marked by failures, that they had better transfer all the property and management of religious matters to his control hereafter, that he did not wish to see the society continue any longer, and refused to pay it any more money, that the society must be dissolved at once, the books all be got rid of and the hall given up, that there would be no more religious meetings for some time to come and that he would see about another hall and get a preacher himself. He was determined to do what he said; therefore the officers and members could do nothing more than to lay down their arms and surrender at discretion to the control of the trustees. There was blank astonishment among the members, but they voted to follow his advice, and disbanded with downcast eyes and gloomy countenances, but some of them felt that such an end of the concern was better than to witness so much quarrelling all the time. N. E. Bowes, after he was expelled from the society, swore that he would ruin it. Well he has done this much. He employed a lawyer who was a genuine sucker. The suit was never brought to trial, because Bowes' evidence amounted to nothing—only damaging proof against himself. He got worsted in the end of the contest, as he had to pay all the cost he had made himself. He had to pay his lawyer large fees out of his own pocket, and the result of his dirty piece of business was that the lawyer made well out of him while he came out at the tail end of the heap.

### Enlarged and Improved.

The Kentucky Deaf-Mute of April 22d, makes its bow to its readers in a suitably new dress, being greatly enlarged and materially beautified in appearance. A set adorns the heading, which was designed by the editor and executed by Mr. John Barriek, the well known deaf-mute engraver of Cincinnati, Ohio. It represents a teacher of deaf-mutes giving her class of pupils instruction in the rudiments of the manual alphabet language. Printed English letters are displayed upon the blackboard, and while she points to one of them, the pupils proceed to form the letter corresponding thereto in the manual language. Beneath the cut is the following expressive sentence: "Speak, hands, for me."

We congratulate the Kentucky Deaf-Mute on the occasion of its "new departure" and bespeak for it a large circulation and many admiring friends.

### Personal.

The post office address of C. S. Newell, Jr., Secretary of the Building Fund Committee of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-mutes, has been changed from No. 7 Murray St., to 132 Broadway, Room No. 8, New York City. Communications in relation to business connected with the committee, and all mail matters should be sent to the latter place.

### "Hon. Benjamin F. Butler" Refuted.

Elsewhere in our paper are published an article from the *Elmira Daily Advertiser*, a perusal of which, by hearing and speaking readers, would convince them that the deaf and dumb are "more than half men," and that Ben. F. Butler made an ass of himself when a few years since he pronounced the deaf-mutes all fools. If Benjamin will take a little more pains to post himself in relation to the affairs of the deaf and dumb, he may learn the fact that they know enough to discover that he is a blatant knave and an accomplished scoundrel.

### Charles O'Brien Defended.

We are informed by our correspondent, "Agrippa," that rumors are afloat that Charles O'Brien had received a sentence of sixty days in jail. Agrippa pronounces the rumor an empty bubble, in fact a false statement made out of whole cloth, declaring that the said Charles O'Brien can show a fair recommendation of character, and that he now is employed as a first-class heater by the firm of G. and D. Silver, the proprietors of one of the largest shoe factories in Tarrytown.

### He Wants the Best.

ROCKLAND, Me., May 1, 1876.  
EDITOR JOURNAL.—I have concluded to subscribe for the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. I have examined all the deaf-mute papers, and find that yours is the best. Send all the April numbers if you have them. Yours truly,  
SAMUEL HAMILTON.

## A Relic of Past Journalism.

We are indebted to Mr. Wm. B. Swett for a fac-simile of the *Boston Gazette and Country Journal*, dated Monday, March 12th, 1770, reproduced from the original copy for H. G. Phillips, 261 Chapel street, New Haven, Conn., who owns the copyright of the same. The paper is a folio sheet of twelve columns, printed with nonpareil type on very good material of a slightly yellowish tint. The design of the paper on the first page is placed in a deep margin, in the centre of which is a space occupied by the Goddess of Liberty, a dove, the emblem of peace, soaring from its cage to a large tree, or rather a pigeon, the emblem of news, carrying the intelligence to some other place, and a number of two-story buildings with tall spires, and other smaller buildings. The contents of the paper are made up of the important events and current intelligence of those times, and the usual advertisements of farms to be sold at auction, and goods and wares offered for sale by the merchants. One paragraph contains the following in relation to the mortality and the morality of the town:

Buried in the Town of Boston since our last, Eight Whites. No Black. Baptized in the several Churches, Seven.

The two inside pages are dressed in deep mourning, and in one column of the third page are wood-cuts of four coffin-shaped headstones, with the initials of the names of the dead, together with their ages, the skull, crossbones, &c., some of which are nearly obliterated by reason of the great age of the original paper. These pictures were probably displayed for the purpose of arousing the utmost indignation of the civilians against the soldiers quartered in Boston by the British Government under the pretext of aiding the local authorities and supporting the laws. Through the overhearing and insulting conduct of the soldiers, a collision had occurred between them and some of the peaceable citizens of Boston, the result of which was that several of the latter were killed and others of them wounded. A perusal of this elicits the sympathies of the reader in behalf of the peaceable, unoffending citizens of ancient Boston, mingled with contempt and disgust towards the haughty, overbearing British soldiery.

For the benefit of commerce and the citizens, a tabular statement was published every week, giving the hour in each day of the week, at which high tide would occur. The printed words of the paper have the same general appearance of publications of that period; some of the letters appear to a modern reader to be a little curious in shape and style, and the old fashioned S is much used, except for capitals. The paper is an interesting relic of the former history of the Hub City.

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## The Itinerizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itinerizer*.

MISS MYRA E. ALDEN, of Maine, lately enjoyed a very pleasant visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. GEORGE HOMER, of Boston, Mass. The following day she accompanied them to Roslindale to visit deaf-mute friends. Mrs. Homer is a very highly cultivated and intelligent lady. She was a schoolmate of Miss H. A. AVERY, of this place, at the New York Deaf-mute Institution. She and her husband think of attending the Philadelphia Centennial in July.

THERE has been considerable sickness at the Michigan Institution for Deaf-mutes—not less than thirty-four being on the sick list at one time. One little girl died of a throat affection.

WM. H. BRENNAN, of Selby, Mich., recently caught in one day over one hundred and seventy-five pigeons. He did not shoot any of them, but caught them with seines using for decoys two "stool pigeons." A pretty good haul that for one day's work.

WILLIAM HACK, a deaf-mute graduate of the Indiana Deaf-mute Institution, is a fruit raiser and first class florist of Sunnyside, Ind.

OUR Indiana correspondent says that the times in that State are unusually hard and money extremely scarce and wages low at present. He would not advise any deaf-mutes to throw up a situation on account of low wages and take up where. All deaf-mutes should take up with whatever price their employers can afford them and be content, waiting and hoping for better times.

LITTLE RODOLPH BOWES, son of N. E. BOWES broke his right arm in three places last week.

THE suit of N. E. BOWES, the expelled member of the Boston Deaf-mute Library Association, now defunct, it is reported by some, will be tried on the tenth of the present month.

By a recent order from Washington twenty-five clerks were discharged from the Boston Post Office. Mr. GEORGE HOMER, a deaf-mute, was included in this number. He has been in government employ thirty-nine years—twenty-five at the Custom House and fourteen at the Post Office. Mr. HOMER's father also held a place at the Custom House for thirty-three years, and it is quite a strange coincidence that both left the service at the age of sixty-four.

HIRAM L. BALL, a graduate of the High Class of the New York Institution of '72, and a resident of this town, is working this season on the farm of Mr. Jesse Burdick, where he has worked one season before this—two years ago—and is well liked by his employer and his family. Hiram is a good worker and never lacks employment, because he does his work well and is industrious and faithful. He is highly spoken of by all his acquaintances, is steady and economical. He attends our Episcopal Church every Sunday morning, being a regular communicant in good standing. Mr. Ball is an honor to the community in which he lives, and his example is one worthy of imitation by all deaf-mutes.

THE *Indianapolis Journal* of April 15th last, has the following: Last Tuesday evening the young people of North Indianapolis met at the residence of Mr. W. W. MILES and enjoyed a very pleasant time. Mr. W. is a mute, but a most excellent workman—one of the best in the Udell works.

WE were gratified a few days since at reading a stirring appeal in behalf of the deaf-mutes, from the pen of our friend, R. B. LAWRENCE, in the *State Gazette*. Mr. L. is a finely educated young man, and is now busily engaged in managing his mother's estate in Louisiana—*New Jersey Courier*.

CHARLES PIMM and his son, JOSHUA, of Wolcott, N. Y., have lately enlarged their orchard by adding to it 150 apple and peach trees of the best varieties.

E. C. BENEDICT, of Victory, N. Y., is about to set out an orchard of 200 choice apple trees.

AMONG the thirty-one candidates recently confirmed by Bishop McCloskey in Zion's Church, at Pontiac, Mich., was a deaf-mute young lady.

WE regret to learn that Mr. WM. L. M. BROW, a teacher in the Michigan Deaf-mute Institution, is dangerously sick. His physicians have given up all hope of his recovery.

GEORGE BENTLEY, of Yonkers, a deaf-mute, who was struck by a locomotive at Riverdale, N. Y., died in Riverdale Hospital last Sunday.

### DIED:

Hendrick Hudson, a former pupil of the New York Institution, and well known as a retailer of stationery, died at his residence in Grand Rapids, Mich., last March, of an affection of the lungs. He leaves a wife and an adopted child.

—On Friday last two men, one of them a Mr. Banks, of Amboy, were walking on Main street. While in front of Mr. M. W. Pryne's house one of them stepped upon the outer end of a plank in the walk, tearing the other end from the sleeper, causing it to fly up and trip his companion (Mr. Banks), who was thrown violently to the ground. The fall quite disabled him, and he was conveyed to the Mexico Hotel, and Drs. Heaton and Huntington promptly called, who found the injured man suffering from a severe bruise and sprain of the knee joint. The village authorities were notified, who ordered rooms at the hotel, and a continuance of medical attendance and good care. The next day he had so far recovered as to be able to return to his home.

## Meteorology.

Highest barometer in April, 1876, was 29.71 on the 2d; lowest, 29.10 on the 15th, 16th and 17th; mean, 29.41.

The mean temperature of April was 40.1°. This has been the coldest one during the past 23 years, with the exception of 1857, 1868, 1873, 1874, and 1875. Warmest, 46.9° in 1870. The average temperature at 7 A. M. was 38.1°, at 2 P. M. 47.5°, and at 9 P. M. 37.5°.

The amount of rainfall was 2.6 inches. Not enough snow fell during the month to measure. During the past 10 years snow fell in April, 1868, 10 inches; 1869, 4 inches; 1870, 5 inches; 1874, 18 inches; 1875, 8 inches.

The last snow banks on the hill sides rapidly dissolved, and farm work was commenced in earnest. The mercury was up to 67° and 68° on two different days. April this year presents sharp contrast to the April of 1875. During the night of the 17th, last year, the thermometer went down in the night nearly to zero. On the 24th snow fell all day; chilling winds from the northwest prevailed for ten days, keeping back vegetation.

Whatever may be said by those who are too ready to complain of the season, Nature will rebuke their ingratitude if they will only walk abroad into the fields and forests, and climb the hills that are now musical with the songs of birds, fragrant with the breath of sweet flowers, and verdant with the luxuriance of the rapidly growing vegetation, everywhere.

E. B. BARTLETT.

Palermo, May 7, 1876.

### No Interference with Juries.

At the close of the Circuit Court of Oswego county for the day, last Wednesday, in cautioning the jury against all outside discussion of a case on trial, Judge Hurdin made the following well-timed remarks:

"It is an outrage upon justice to have any remarks made to influence a jury outside. It is an insult to your good sense, and you ought to regard it as an insult, the moment a man begins to talk in your presence, or to try in any way to affect your mind, about a case that is here on trial. I have the greatest contempt for any such attempt made to influence the decision of a case. It is beneath the dignity of a lawyer, of a suit, or of a decent man. If any one approaches you and undertakes to discuss with you or in your presence any case that is here for trial report that person to the Court, and he will be punished by fine or imprisonment. If I find any of you offending, of course I shall have to apply the same rule. Observe this caution during the Circuit, and we shall have less trouble in the disposition of causes."

### PARISH.

No news of importance the past week except the death of Mrs. St. Peter, which occurred May 2d.

We learn that some wish to dispense with the Postal Card, especially in the cities. We hold that the inventor of the Postal Card was a benefactor of his race, and particularly to newspaper correspondents and editors. 1. It is cheap, not worthless. 2. It compels the writer to be brief, pithy and concentrated in his thoughts and expressions. All useless language is left out, and only the particular idea is expressed. Verbiage and circumlocution can have no place on the postal card. Adjectives and adverbs often used to polish must be reserved for other places. Some object to the postal because it is liable to be read before it reaches its destination. Suppose it is. No decent person that writes on a postal card, we hope, is ashamed of his composition if it should be read. We have meddlers everywhere, and suppressing postal cards will not rid the world of them. Perhaps some meddler may read this card. If so he may call himself disgusting, disgusting, disgusting.

ODD.

Parish, May 8, 1876.

### Value of Farm Lands.

The following valuation of farm lands in New York State, made by the State Board of Assessors, is quite interesting: Alleghany, Clinton, Franklin, Fulton, Lewis, and Steuben counties are valued at \$30 per acre; Green, St. Lawrence, Tompkins and Ulster are valued at \$40; Chautauque, Broome, Chenango, Cortland, Jefferson, Oswego, Otsego, Schoharie, Suffolk, Tioga, Wayne and Wyoming at \$50; Erie, Oneida, Schoenectady, Schuyler and Washington at \$60; Albany, Columbia and Livingston, at \$70; Niagara, Cayuga, Genesee, Montgomery, at \$80; Dutchess, Onondaga, Orleans, Ontario, Orange, Putnam, Rensselaer and Seneca, at \$90; Rockland and Sullivan at \$110; and Queens at \$150. Hamilton county is the lowest in valuation, viz., \$5; Warren is \$12; Essex is \$13; Sullivan is \$20 and Delaware is \$27 per acre.

### The Tallest Man on Record.

There is a man not a hundred miles from Volney so tall that one day, standing out doors, crumpling some warm, fresh bread and letting it fall into a bowl of milk on the ground, it became so completely dried and hardened by long exposure to the rays of the sun, in the course of falling through the air, that he had to wait half an hour before he could eat it.

COM.

—About a week since, Mr. John Parsons lost a valuable horse worth at \$150, of dyspepsia, so said his surgeon, Dr. Holland Wilder. On Monday evening last, his son, Milton, also lost his best horse of inflammation of the lungs. He had been driven to Fulton and back that day and died soon after reaching home.

## CENTENNIAL LETTER.

*Time's Flight—Uncle Sam's Centennial Birthday Breakfast—Programme of the Opening Exercises—Let the Eagle Scream—Arrangements for the Comfort of Visitors.*  
(From our regular Correspondent.)

PHILADELPHIA, May, 8, 1876.  
Tempus fugit. Nobody knows better than a Centennial Commissioner or exhibitor how much too fast tempus does fugit for the successful maturing of human plans and purposes. Even stealing from the hours of sleep and turning night into day, won't always suffice to overtake the flying moments and keep pace with the rising and setting sun. So with all their herculean efforts, these Centennial people scratch their heads and wish they had, like the man about to be hung, a respite—a little more time.

But the day is almost here. Next Wednesday morning Uncle Sam will take his Centennial birthday breakfast and pick his teeth with a rusty old '76 bayonet. At noon the American Eagle will perch himself upon the top-most peak of the Rocky Mountains, with the tips of his wings dipped in the two oceans—not forgetting to drop a tail-feather or two in the Gulf of Mexico and Lake Michigan—and take a retrospective survey of his own greatness. We all sympathize with the proud old Eagle, even when on state occasions he takes on the character of a turkey-gobbler; and at this period, however apt it might be, probably nobody will think of quoting Saxe's lines:

"Because you flourish in worldly affairs,  
Don't be haughty and put on airs;  
With insolent pride of station.  
Don't be proud and turn up your nose  
At poorer people in plainer clothes,  
But learn for the sake of your soul's repose,  
That all proud flesh whenever it grows  
Is subject to irritation."

The programme for the opening exercises is completed and has already been extensively published. Invitations have been issued to the President, Cabinet officers, Supreme Court judges, Diplomatic Corps, Congressmen, Centennial Board, Foreign Commissioners, Governors of States and Territories and their staffs, the Pennsylvania Legislature, city authorities of Philadelphia, chief officers of the army and navy, Women's National Centennial Committee, Centennial Board of Finance, and others in official positions and officially connected with the Exhibition. The Centennial grounds and buildings will be opened to the public at 9 A. M. Memorial Hall, the Main Building, and Machinery Hall will be reserved for invited guests until about noon. The exercises will take place in the open air, on the south side of Memorial Hall. The music, consisting of an orchestra of 150 pieces and a chorus of 800 voices, will be given under the direction of Theodore Thomas, assisted by Dudley Buck. The President will be escorted to the grounds by Governor Hartranft and a division of troops. The following is the programme:

First—Centennial Inauguration March, by Wagner. Second—Prayer by Bishop Simpson. Third—Hymn by John G. Whittier; music by John K. Paine, of Massachusetts; orchestral and organ accompaniment. Fourth—Cantata; words by Sidney Lanier, of Georgia; music by Dudley Buck; orchestral and organ accompaniment. Fifth—Presentation of the Exhibition by the President of the Centennial Commission. Sixth—Address by the President of the United States. The declaration that the Exhibition is open will be followed by the customary firing of salutes, raising of flags, ringing of the chimes and Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus," with organ and orchestral accompaniment. The Foreign Commissioners will be placed opposite their respective sections in the main building. The President and invited guests will march through the main building and the Foreign Commissioners, upon being passed by the President, will join the procession, when the whole body will cross to Machinery Hall. There President Grant will set in motion the great engine and machinery connected therewith. A brief reception by the President in the Judges' Pavilion will close the formal observance of the day.

Congress has accepted the invitation to be present in a body. Some people pretend to think this was a mistake, as it might lead to "odorous comparisons" of the national salons of these times with those of one hundred years ago. What a ridiculous idea! To a man up a tree it would seem that at this time we could make due allowance for the shortcomings of our forefathers. No doubt the members of the Continental Congress did the best they could with their limited advantages and experience, but everybody will admit that the Congressmen of the present day could give them ten points and discount them, in some things—a game of draw poker for instance. There is only one thing for which your correspondent could never forgive the authors of the Declaration of Independence, and that is the inhumanity of locating the Fourth of July in the middle of the summer. However, we are not discussing that point now.

Arrangements for the convenience and comfort of visitors to the Exhibition are very complete and extensive. Nothing that ingenuity could suggest has been omitted; yet with all this, people cannot expect to escape the discomforts which are inseparable from large gatherings. It is human nature to "go with the crowd," and the larger the attendance promises to be the more anxious people will be to go, though the majority of them will never cease to complain of being jostled and inconvenienced in the general scramble. The department of public comfort has a commodious office at the main entrance, which includes a free reading room, facilities for writing and correspondence, together with lavatories and a boot-blackening and clothes-brushing room. This department will undertake the care of umbrellas, cloaks, shawls, &c., for which checks are

given, and when the visitor is ready to leave his "traps" will be found at a station in any part of the ground he may designate. The Centennial Rolling Chair Company have provided 300 chairs elevated on wheels, and so constructed as to be almost noiseless, which for a moderate charge by the hour may be employed to take persons where they like about the grounds. The luxury of this provision will be better appreciated when it is understood that according to the latest estimates a tour through the aisles of the principal exhibition buildings comprises a walk of forty miles. A bank on the grounds, under the management of solid Philadelphians, will receive deposits, cash drafts and furnish exchange. A narrow gauge railway makes a circuit of the grounds and connects with all the principal buildings. It is provided with cars furnished by various manufacturers as an advertisement. Telegraph conveniences and messenger facilities are provided at several stations about the grounds. By an ingenious contrivance of Mr. W. S. Phillips, Superintendent of the Telegraph, every one of the eighty turnstiles set at the several entrances of the grounds will be connected by wire with a dial in the main office of the Centennial Commission. When a person enters through a turnstile he is instantaneously registered on this dial. At any instant of the day therefore, it will be possible to know, by glancing at the dial, the exact number of people who have passed the gates and are within the Exhibition grounds and buildings.

The decision of the Commission to close both buildings and grounds on Sunday provokes a good deal of discussion, and it is certainly a question to which there are two sides, though on the whole probably a majority of the public will approve the action of the board. There is no remarkable influx of visitors as yet. Most of the down town hotels are tolerably full, but there is plenty of room in the many new caravansaries in the vicinity of Fairmount Park. Don Pedro is here, and has taken a house in West Philadelphia, for which he pays \$50,000 in gold. This calls to mind another house-renting incident recently related to me. A card "To let, furnished," on the door of a fine residence in a very respectable quarter of the city, attracted the attention of a New York gentleman who was prospecting here. The price, \$5,000, was agreed to, and, when asked for some guarantee of good faith, the lessee drew his check on the spot for the amount in gold. A few days later thirty "French" ladies just from Paris were domiciled within, and the neighborhood is discomfited.

### The Jefferson County Boy Murderer.

The trial of Frank Rutan, the lad who murdered a girl named Sarah Conkling, of Rutland, last November, was terminated at Watertown last Saturday with a verdict of murder in the second degree, and the sentence of the prisoner to Auburn State Prison for the rest of his natural life. The circumstances of this singular murder are as follows: On the night of the 30th of November last, Sarah Conkling, a young girl about fifteen years old, was found in the woods on her father's farm, in Rutland, about two hundred rods from the house, dead. Her head was badly bruised, her scarf was drawn tight around her neck, her hands and feet were frozen, her under-clothing was torn. There were tracks in the snow, and blood was found in several places for some distance back, along the path she came. She had been to school, and was returning home across the lots. When first found it was supposed that she had fallen on a stone or some hard substance and received injuries which dazed her, and that she had died from this injury and exposure to the intense cold. This theory prevailed for a day or two, until Chief of Police Guest went and examined into the circumstances. Coroner Phillips then empanelled a jury, and an inquest resulted in the verdict that Sarah Conkling was murdered by Frank Rutan. It was shown that the blow on the head was what killed her, and that it could not have been caused by a fall. The evidence and all the circumstances pointed to Rutan, and much was afterwards found which led to him as the destroyer of this girl. The trial was begun last Tuesday and ended Saturday with a verdict of guilty of murder in the second degree. Rutan is but sixteen years of age, a fact which probably saved him from suffering the full penalty of the law for murder in the first degree.

### Decalcomania.

This is the name of a comparatively new art that is attracting considerable attention at the present time. It consists in transferring pictures which have been printed upon paper in high and beautiful colors to any object one may wish to ornament, such as fans, work-boxes, vases, flower pots, articles of furniture, &c. When transferred these pictures look as if painted upon the article ornamented, and they are much more attractive and beautiful than they would be if painted with a brush, unless executed by a very skillful artist; indeed this beautiful art offers a complete substitute for the process of the hand painting for most purposes. The hand painting of a great variety of subjects, such as heads, landscapes, animals, insects, flowers, comic figures, &c. The art is easily acquired, and children even soon become experts. Transferring these pictures is a charming pastime for old or young, and serves to cultivate a taste for the beautiful. We have received from J. L. Patten & Co., 162 William Street, New York, who are dealers in transfer pictures, some handsome samples of their goods. These gentlemen will for the small sum of ten cents, send full instructions in this beautiful art, together with ten handsome samples of the pictures, or for fifty cents they will send one hundred attractive pictures.

## Practical Questions Settled about the Centennial Exhibition.

As there is considerable doubt expressed throughout the country as to the Centennial Exhibition being ready to open on the 10th of May, we have taken pains to inform ourselves on the subject, and give as authority some extracts from the official report of John Welsh, Esq., President of the Board of Finance, which has just been published. On the point of readiness it says:

"Notwithstanding hindrances to our progress, our buildings and grounds are in an unusual state of forwardness as compared with those of other International Exhibitions at a corresponding time; nor will they prevent the punctual observance of the appointed day for opening, 10th of May."

On the subject of hotel accommodations, the report says:

"At one moment great anxiety was felt lest there should be a scarcity of accommodations for visitors. It has been entirely removed. Hotels of very large capacity have been erected in the immediate vicinity of the exhibition and throughout the city. Old ones have been enlarged, and by the agency of an enterprising association very large numbers of private dwellings, of which Philadelphia has sixty thousand more than any other American city, have been utilized for the purpose; so that under no probable circumstances can any inconvenience occur for want of comfortable accommodations."

"The strongest assurance is also felt that the charges will be moderate."

In the matter for the charge of admittance, a fifty-cent note paid at the gate admits to grounds, and there is no further charge. A visitor can enter one building or all of them as he sees proper. We quote the text of the report touching this question:

"In the arrangements connected with the entrance and exit of visitors, exhibitors, and employees, the greatest simplicity has been aimed at. Each class will use special gates. The ticket for visitors will be a fifty-cent note, and if not in the possession of the visitor it can be obtained in exchange for other money at an office near each gate of entrance. Children pay the same as adults. To vary from a uniform price entails so many inconveniences as to forbid it. Fifty cents for nine hours' visit to a museum of the products of the world, distributed among beautiful buildings and on grounds of surpassing attractions, must be satisfactory to every one. Such exhibitors and employees as are required on the grounds will be furnished with special tickets. Properly authorized representatives of the press, within reasonable limits, will be recognized as entitled to free admission."

### The Boston Belfry Murderer.

BOSTON, May 8.—It is now quite certain that Piper was the assailant of Mary Tyron, who was mysteriously beaten on July 1, 1874, but who afterward recovered and who is now an inmate of a lunatic asylum. He confesses that he attempted to kill her, and says the murder of Mabel Young and Bridget Landergin were both prompted by the use of stimulants, under the influence of which he had an insane desire to shed blood.

### Phoenix Breach of Promise Case.

A breach of promise case of considerable interest, in which Phoenix parties were interested, was tried the other day before Judge Hardin at Pulaski. The action was first tried at the January Circuit in Oswego, where the jury disagreed. The plaintiff claimed \$5,000 damages. Miss Hall, the plaintiff, is a young lady highly connected, of prepossessing appearance, and is twenty-five years of age. Mr. Hutchinson, the defendant, is fifty-three years of age, is a business man, and merchant of wealth and position in Phoenix. The contract of engagement is alleged to have been made by them between the dates of September 2d and October 7th, 1873. The defendant then a widower, had lost his wife the same year. Many of the friends of the parties attended the trial, and much interest has been displayed. The jury concluded that about \$700 would repair all damages sustained by the breaking up of the fair damsel's affections, and returned a verdict accordingly. How much of the \$700 will Miss Hall get after the lawyers have been satisfied?—*Syracuse Standard*.

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## New York Institution Notes.

We have enjoyed the most delightful weather for the last few weeks, much to the joy of house-hunters and house-cleaners, who have already made fair progress in the usual spring moving and cleaning. The violets and other spring flowers now scent the air with sweet perfume and gladden the eyes of all lovers of beauty, while the grass has its most beautiful tint and the trees are budding and everything in nature seems to promise much in the way of progress. We are enjoying glorious sunsets. They are reflected in the river opposite, and the sail boats and steamboats as they go by in rapid succession, ripple the water so as to add greatly to the beauty of the reflection. It seems a wonder that the sail and steamboats do not hit each other as they pass.

The boys and girls are out every day working or playing, gathering fresh strength for the next day's round of duties; while indoors, everything seems to be getting on nicely. The inmates of the Institution are enjoying good health and freedom from any serious sickness. The pupils improve in the school-room, and are making fair progress in their studies.

It does seem a pity that in such a large Institution, with such beautiful surroundings, more time and attention is not devoted to art, for some of the pupils have most decided talents, which ought to be encouraged and cultivated; but with the little time now allowed, it is impossible to progress as fast as they would otherwise, as they have only two hours once a week devoted to drawing. But it is to be hoped that this beginning will result in having artists of no mean merit. Some of the pupils, even now are able to sketch from nature and illustrate their ideas, and the fun they have playing games, etc., by means of pictures. The other day a heavy cart loaded with furniture was being dragged up the hill from Dr. Peet's house in the glen, and the poor horse could only go very slowly, and at last upset some of the things in the road, when several of the boys rushed to the rescue with strong ropes. Each lent a helping hand, so that with "a hard pull, and a long pull, and a pull altogether," they got the cart, horse and furniture all safe to the top of the hill. The boys worked with a will and enjoyed it so well that one of them sketched it from memory, and it made a most life-like and comical picture. Sometimes in the school-room a pupil will ask a question about some object he has seen that greatly interested him, and his command of language not being sufficient for him to clearly express himself, he will draw a picture of the object and thus learn its name, use, etc., which is only one of the many ways in which even a rough knowledge of drawing may be a most valuable aid to the young deaf-mute, who may thus be able to express himself more clearly than his more fortunate hearing brother, whose power of description by means of words do not equal the mute's power of expressing himself by means of pictures that no one can misunderstand.

Few seem to realize how very important it is for drawing to be taught thoroughly, and seem to look upon this important branch of education as a mere accomplishment that it is nice to have, but may very well be dispensed with, instead of giving it the time and attention it so well deserves. So far from being an interruption to other studies, it is really one of the greatest aids in helping to fix the lesson in the pupils' mind, and, knowing this, most writers of books for the young illustrate the parts they particularly wish to have the young reader understand and remember. If this is so important to those who have the use of all their senses, how much more it must be to the deaf-mute. It speaks well for this age of progress that drawing is now being considered as one of the most important branches of education, and that it is to be introduced into all the public schools where it is not already taught. The more thoughtful and enlightened see that all classes and conditions will be made better workmen, etc., when they have the right ideas of size and form, which a knowledge of the principles of drawing gives to all who study it earnestly and faithfully.

Among the visitors to the Institution lately, were Mr. and Mrs. Farley, Misses Durbrow and Dudley; also two gentlemen whose names I cannot remember, one was from India and the other from Japan, and who can remember the names of persons from those countries? The gentleman from Japan wishes to come here as a teacher with a view of learning the art of teaching deaf-mutes, so as to start an Institution for deaf-mutes in Japan. What a chance for some teachers of deaf-mutes to go to Japan, who may wish to see more of the world. That is when the Institution is started there. The gentleman is expected here soon, to remain till the end of this term at least, if not longer.

We have been expecting a visit from Dom Pedro, but he slipped off to California and could not catch him. But he left the Empress in the city, and she was at the High Bridge the other day, so we hope that she will honor us with a visit before long.

A man has been among us, not taking notes, but photographs of the Institution buildings and grounds, teachers and officers, and some of the pupils who chanced to be outdoors when he was around. He also took photographs of the Superintendent's, Dr. Porter's office, and the Steward's office, which join each other by folding doors, which were open at the time. Two views were taken. One side shows Dr. Porter's office, in which is a crayon portrait of the late Dr. H. P. Peet, drawn by Miss Fannie E. Hagadorn, sister to Miss Hagadorn, teacher of drawing in this Institution. The picture, being life-size and a most excellent likeness, makes it look as if Dr. Peet himself was sitting there. It has been pronounced by Dr. J. L. Peet to be the best and most life-like picture

of his father that has ever been taken. The other view shows the Steward's office and the door to the reception-room open. The out-door views which are as good as these, are remarkably beautiful and clear, and will be sold to the officers, teachers and graduates at reduced rates. They are of different styles suitable for albums, stereoscopes, and for painting. The Superintendent's rooms and the matron's were photographed beautifully. But the two last can only be obtained by getting the permission of those two officers, as they are private property. The views of the buildings, etc., are said to be the clearest, most beautiful and best that have ever been taken, and will be greatly prized by the graduates who love and honor their *Alma Mater*, and look back to the days spent at Fanwood as the happiest of their lives.

Bessie, the little daughter of the Principal, has been very ill with lung fever, but has improved since they moved to the house on the hill.

In the article copied from the *Harlem Reporter*, the names of the gardener and the boy at the Institution were given wrong, for the former's name is John Lutz and the latter's Murphy. A.

## Indiana Notes.

At the beginning of last week the "third quarterly examination" of the Indiana Institution for this season commenced, first with the High Class, and ending with the juvenile classes. It was very interesting, and entered into with much enthusiasm by the pupils. A thorough investigation was made as to the attainments of each pupil. The classes were not only examined in relation to the lessons which they have been over during the last quarter, but a review was had of all the course they have gone through since the beginning of the second school year. The examination proved a success, showing that very creditable results had been accomplished, and reflected much credit on both the pupils and their teachers, fully demonstrating that their time had not been wasted. The average mark of their proficiency was generally 81. The fourth quarterly examination comes off at the close of the term in June. At that time six pupils will graduate from the High Class, and a number from the classes of lower grades. Commencement will begin on the last Wednesday in June. There will be orations, addresses and essays delivered by the graduating classes. A large attendance of the friends of the deaf and dumb and deaf-mutes outside of the Institution is expected. It is thought that the examination will be very entertaining, provided the libel suit does not interfere with its preparations.

The libel suit is to be tried in Morgan county, Ind. It is hoped that the case will be tried fairly, provided politics and partisan interests are not allowed to interfere. The editor of the *JOURNAL* calls for explanations as to how or why a deaf-mute man came to be doing a brakeman's work on the cars, referring to the death of Mr. Littell. Undoubtedly the facts of the case are that Mr. Littell was told by the conductor (as he was probably out of money) that he might ride and do a little work in the cars in return for his free passage. The conductor very likely felt a sympathy for the deaf-mute, and did not wish to put him off the train. Many things are done by the employees of the trains in this part of the country that never come to the knowledge of the officers of railway companies. The editor is correct in his opinion that railway companies do not employ deaf-mutes for train hands. If a brakeman allows any one to perform his work for him without the sanction of the officers of the road, it is not made known to them. The company knows nothing of such matters till they hear of an accident resulting thereby, and then perhaps they are called upon to pay the damages, but of course they are obliged to pay damages in a case like that of Mr. Littell. Some deaf-mutes are in the habit of traveling considerable, and when they have no money to buy a ticket they do a little work if there is anything they can do in the cars and the employers do not object to it. I have heard that Mr. Andrew Graves was employed as a brakeman on one of the principal railroads for several months before Mr. Littell was killed. When a deaf and dumb man can not get employment that is safe, and becomes discouraged, he gets reckless and will risk his life rather than become an object of charity. He will even take great risks for a little money. It is often the case that it is not a deaf-mute's fault that he is out of employment. If no one will employ him, he cannot help himself. He often lacks employment, not because he can not perform the work assigned to him, but because he labors under greater disadvantages, and difficulties than his hearing brethren. Sometimes people refuse to employ deaf-mutes without giving them a fair trial to see what they can accomplish. While I am vindicating my fellow deaf-mutes, I do not entirely exonerate them from blame. They ought not to undertake to perform work that they know they can not do with satisfaction to their employers, or with safety to themselves. Those who can not find other safe and remunerative employment, would do well to engage in farming. It would give them a steady, healthy and paying business. There are many deaf-mutes living in Indiana who own farms of their own, and are living comfortably and happily. They do not live so miserably and so much from hand to mouth as those who live in cities, and are often traveling from place to place seeking employment. There are about twenty-five or thirty deaf-mutes living in Indianapolis, but only one out of all of them has any regular steady business. I refer to Mr. Hatfield, who is employed as a typesetter in the *Daily Sentinel* office. I would recommend farming to all deaf-mutes as the best, easiest and most comfortable occupation.

[We fully agree with our correspondent on this latter point and heartily wish

every deaf-mute now out of employment in cities would not hesitate to emigrate to rural regions and there make their permanent homes.—Ed.]

A CORRESPONDENT.

Indianapolis, April 29, 1876.

## News from the Old World.

EDITOR *JOURNAL*:—From week to week I am more and more convinced that the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL* is the best and most progressive of all the deaf-mute papers of the new world, and I think all strangers who come from over the sea coincide with my opinion in that respect. Supposing that the *JOURNAL* has the widest circulation of any deaf-mute paper in this country, I am pleased to contribute for your worthy paper some interesting intelligence concerning a celebrated deaf-mute, which I have received from over the sea, and which, I have no doubt, will be read with pleasure, mingled with sympathy, by many of your readers.

"Hard times" has invaded all European lands, and disaster and panic have followed in its wake. In cities and in villages, in all branches of commerce and industry, stroke upon stroke has come upon the people in the way of financial failures, accompanied by much poverty and misery. Shortly, despair will seize upon all classes of people who are dependent upon capital for employment. It is evident, however, that Europe still continues to be much too good and prosperous a country from which to emigrate.

Among the numerous victims of the hard times is a very prominent, highly respected and intelligent deaf-mute, whose name is Jacques Loew, who failed at a loss of about \$25,000 a few months since. The career of this man is remarkable, and seems almost incredible, and he deserves the sincere sympathy of all deaf-mutes throughout the whole world.

Jacques Loew was born deaf and dumb in 1840, in Bosowitz, (Moravia) and was educated at the Jewish Deaf-mute Institution in Vienna, the capital of Austria, in which school the science of articulation or lip-reading, received particular attention, and was rewarded by marked success. Graduating in 1854, he became employed in Vienna, working in a manufactory of fancy leather goods. After three years of diligence and patient perseverance, he became a skillful worker at his trade. He then traveled extensively from the sunny South of Europe to the high latitudes of the North, and from St. Petersburg to London, for the purpose of self-cultivation and to become more familiar with his business. In 1862, he returned from his wanderings to Vienna, where, with the assistance of his wealthy father, he established a small shop for manufacturing his goods. By his indefatigable activity, admirable steady habits and energy he enlarged his business from time to time till he was in possession of a large establishment in the manufacture of carved metal, wood and leather goods, and acquired a wide European reputation and distinction. His business increased so that he employed 80 hands in his shops, and his current expenses were \$1,000 a week.

Mr. Loew felt much sympathy for his unfortunate deaf-mute brethren, and gave employment to many of them in his line of business, by all of whom he was greatly beloved for his numerous benefits and sacrifices for their welfare. He was a founder and protector of the Vienna Deaf-mute Association, and, through his means and supervision, the society became wealthy, having property worth 7,000 florins, or \$3,000. This was the result of his skillful financial management. He was an honorary member of many charitable and other public societies to which he occasionally contributed considerable sums of money. The following incident is one illustration of his philanthropy and patriotism:

One day a poor old officer of the Austrian army came to Vienna from Galicia. Being a stranger and out of money, he was at a loss to know to whom to apply to obtain assistance. Mr. Loew having inadvertently heard of him, went among his friends, and in a short time collected, including his own contribution, \$250, and presented it to the noble old officer, who could not thank him enough for his kindness.

At the great Paris exhibition of 1867, the committee of awards gave him a bronze and silver medal, and he was also admitted to the audience of Emperor Napoleon III, receiving high honors and much praise on account of being a deaf-mute of such distinguished industrial activity. The Emperor of Austria having heard of his being so highly honored by Napoleon, accorded to Mr. Loew a very honorary audience to his presence, to whom the Premier expressed his great pleasure for having brought so much honor to the credit of Austrian industry, and bestowed upon him for his merit the Golden Cross.

At the great Vienna exhibition of 1873, he received from the committee of awards a medal in honor of his progress in industrial arts, and from the Emperor of Austria another Golden Cross as a mark of esteem of the crown. The "Krath"—the crisis of 1873—came on and the business affairs of Mr. Loew suffered largely from its consequences. His finances also suffered materially by his dishonest book-keeper. At last hard times pressed upon him so heavily that he was compelled to stop his payments, and was obliged to sell his entire establishment to a relative at a loss of \$28,000 in the month of February last. Mr. Loew has now gone to Switzerland in hopes of regaining his health, which the reversion of his fortunes had caused to become greatly shattered.

The name of Jacques Loew will, I hope, always be forgotten by deaf-mutes, and his memory will ever be bright and fresh in the history of educated deaf-mutes, not only on account of his extraordinary industry, but also for their appreciation of his philanthropic deeds.

A GERMAN.

New York, May, 1876.

## The "Importance" of the Manual Alphabet.

MR. EDITOR:—A correspondent of the *JOURNAL*, in one of his recent articles enumerated some of the benefits which would result from a knowledge and practice of the art of talking by the use of the manual alphabet, among hearing persons, in sick rooms, for instance; and showed how much less a sick person would be disturbed in that style of communication than by the employment of oral speech. I concur with the writer in the belief that in some cases of sickness deaf-mute conversation might be carried on with less disturbance to the auditory nerves than by mouth-talking; and the former might, in many cases, be used by the attendants of the sick to very good advantage, especially if the sick person should chance to be sleeping or have his eyes closed; but it is an undisputed fact that to most of speaking people the act of watching the movements of the attendants is often more trying to their nervous sensibilities than to listen to a little talking. Mankind, in their natural condition, are principally endowed with both the faculties of speaking and hearing, and I suppose that, notwithstanding all that might be argued in favor of silent language at the bedside of hearing sick persons while their little strength would possibly admit of talking and listening, not one sick or dying person in a million, who has the ability, would be willing to exchange spoken for manual alphabet language. I am not a member of the *materna medica* profession, but, notwithstanding all the cautions of the best physicians against talking with the patient, I have often been an eye-witness to cases of serious sickness in which the patient has been greatly cheered and materially benefited by listening to the sympathetic and soothing conversation of dear friends. Nothing can be more natural for a hearing person than to employ—moderately, of course, in sickness—his natural organs of speech. It is true, however, that in certain cases, the language of the fingers could be employed with very beneficial results. Moreover, as the country grows older and the people rapidly increase in numbers, the sight of a deaf-mute is much less rare than once, and in the cities and large villages, and in many country neighborhoods almost everybody has either a relative, friend or acquaintance who is a deaf-mute. Estimating the 25,000 deaf-mute population of the Union at their minimum amount of business and trade as compared with the number of speaking people, and this fact alone is sufficient encouragement for people to spend a few hours in learning the manual alphabet, to say nothing of the pleasure of being able to exchange short conversations with the deaf and dumb with whom we come in contact. I hope the time will soon come when the knowledge and use of the manual alphabet will be more generally known among the speaking classes.

[In our own village the majority of our citizens are able to exchange words with deaf-mutes, and some of the latter have been surprised in visiting this place to meet so many with whom they could converse. Among our school children a large proportion understand the manual alphabet very well, and not unfrequently employ this method of carrying on surreptitious conversations among themselves without disturbing their teachers.—Ed.]

DEAF-MUTE SURPRISE PARTY AT CAMBRIDGEPORT, MASS.

I take pleasure in announcing that another deaf-mute surprise party has taken place lately at Cambridgeport, Mass. Misses Mary E. Murphy and C. Bartholomew, two intelligent young ladies, conceived the idea of surprising Mr. Charles P. Wise on the occasion of his thirty-fourth birthday anniversary, which occurred on the 20th of April last, and sent out invitations to a limited number of friends. As the day of the party approached, Mr. Wise was beginning to move his household goods to a new house on the opposite side of the street. Mrs. Wise, who had been apprised of the secret, skillfully used her tactics in a manner to keep the parlor furniture intact as much as possible without arousing the suspicions of her other half. She succeeded in preserving good order in that part of the domicile. While Mr. Wise had gone to the other house the party arrived, entered the parlor and calmly awaited his return. In due time he came back, and upon opening the parlor door was very much surprised to see so many smiling faces, declaring that they were a nice set of rogues to surprise him in the act of moving. He soon recovered from his embarrassment and warmly greeted his guests. Refreshments in abundance were served and partaken of with keen relish, and the evening passed away in various pleasant amusements and enjoyments till midnight, when the guests departed for their homes. The occasion was a highly enjoyable one to all present. The guests were mostly of the same party which surprised Miss Murphy on her twenty-second birthday, an account of which was published in the *JOURNAL* of April 20th. Mr. Wise was one of the party which surprised Miss Murphy, and the plan of surprising him in return was a very good one. He was made happy at being the recipient of many useful presents brought by his surprisers. Mr. Wise and his family have removed to their new house, and are in prosperous circumstances.

BRAYO.

Boston, May 1, 1876.

—The village lock-up is now in Engine Hall. Some twenty or more, including the village fathers, have been in it already.

—On Saturday last, the Alert and National base ball clubs, of this village, played a match game, which resulted in a victory for the former, by score of 38 to 2.

## Base Ball Notes.

PHILADELPHIA, May 1st 1876. EDITOR *JOURNAL*:—On Saturday, April 29th, the second game between the Baltic and Active Clubs of the Pennsylvania Institution, was played on the grounds at the corner of 49th and Walnut streets, in which the Actives retrieved their defeat of a few weeks ago. The weather was very warm, but the grounds were in the best possible condition.

The game opened with the Actives at the bat. During the first inning, Allabough hit a splendid fly to center field, which Snare failed to catch. The Baltics scored 1 run, and the first inning ended—Actives, 5; Baltics, 1.

In the second inning, Lewis of the Actives, played brilliantly, and scored on a fly to short-stop Lee, which the latter missed. O'Neill and Lee each scored for the Baltics, and were followed by Bruthi, who also scored. End of the second inning—Actives, 6; Baltics, 4.

In the third inning, Allabough scored on a fly which Sands failed to catch, and was followed by Mallick, who failed to score on Natter getting out on three strikes. At this point, Zeigler, catcher of the Actives, had the nail of his middle finger torn off by a bat in the hands of Schaal, and the game was interrupted for a short time while Zeigler had his finger dressed at a house near by. He experienced great pain from the wound, and was obliged to change positions with pitcher Lewis. The game was then resumed, and Schaal, O'Neill and Lee each scored successively for the Baltics, and were followed by Bruthi, who sent a splendid fly over center field, but failed to score by Oakes getting out on three strikes. At the end of the third inning the score was a tie—Actives, 7; Baltics, 7.

In the fourth inning the Actives succeeded in scoring 15 runs, while their opponents only scored 8. The Baltics seemed to get discouraged at the success of the Actives, and their fielding and batting were very poor. At the end of the fourth inning, the score stood—Actives, 22; Baltics, 15.

In the fifth inning, Geary scored for the Actives, and was followed by Allabough who got in on a splendid fly to center field by Sharrar. Sharrar scored on a fly to center field which Snare failed to catch, and they both got in on a wild throw to Sands by Bruthi. Natter, Zeigler, Lewis and Allabough scored successively, and were followed by Mallick, who also scored. Bruthi, Schaal, Lee and Sands scored for the Baltics, and were followed by Kohler, who scored one on a wild throw to Allabough by Manner. At the close of the fifth inning, it was getting late, and the captains of the respective nines, after a short conference with the umpire, declared the game at an end. The playing of Allabough and Sharrar of the Actives, was brilliant, and the pitching of Lewis was even better than before. But for the accident that befell the catcher of the Actives they would probably have done better than they did. The game lasted nearly three hours, and was very interesting.

The following is the score:

ACTIVE.		BALTIC.	
Zeigler, C.,	2 3	Sands, 1st B.,	0
Lewis, P.	1 5	Kohler, P.	1 2
Geary, SS.	3 0	Snare, CF.	1 3
Allabough, 1st B.	0 2	Schaal, C.	1 1
Sharrar, CF.	1 4	O'Neill, 3d B.	1 1
Mallick, LF.	0 4	Lee, SS.	0 0
Cooper, RF.	3 2	Brookmire, 2d B.	3 3
Natter, 3d B.	3 3	Bruthi, LF.	0 0
Manner, 2d B.	1 2	Oakes, RF.	3 3
Total,	14 31	Total,	14 31
Innings,	1 2 3 4 5		
Active,	5 1 1 15	9—31	
Baltic,	1 3 3 8	5—20	
Umpire, John Daily ; Scorer, Lew Morris.			
Yours truly,		J. M. K.	

Umpire, John Daily; Scorer, Lewis Morris.

Yours truly, J. M. K.

MR. EDITOR:—The attention of your readers interested in the game, is called to the fact that a new base ball club, called the "Excelsior," has recently been organized at the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. It is composed of athletic youths, whose ages range from thirteen to eighteen years. At a recent meeting of the members, the following persons were chosen as officers:

President—W. A. Carmichael.  
Captain—F. Crocker.  
Treasurer—T. Halloran.  
Secretary—Wm. B. Leming.  
T. R. Stewart,  
W. A. Carmichael, } Committee.  
F. Horle.

The members of the club intend to use their playing hours to practice in, and though it may be some time before they attain to as high a standard of excellence as the "Young Mutuals" or the "Enterprisers," they hope at no distant day to be able to compete successfully with the "Stars." Please give the above notice space in your columns and oblige.

Yours truly,  
WM. B. LEMING,  
Sec'y Excelsior B. B. C.  
N. Y. Institution, May 1, 1876.

—We are sorry to learn that Mr. Temple has retired from the grocery business on account of ill health.

—Mrs. Mary E. Loomis, of Syracuse, has sold her house and lot on Church street to Mr. G. S. Tuller for \$1,100.

—The ladies of Syracuse send \$384.66 to the ladies Centennial and Mount Vernon fund.

—James K. Nichols, by calling at the office of Skinner & Wright, of this village, will hear of something to his advantage.

—Visitors to the Centennial will find a file of the Mexico Independent in box No. 4823 of Rowell's Newspaper Exposition.

—Last Monday evening our streets were enlivened by the Huntington Guards on parade. They presented a fine appearance.

## A Visit to the National Deaf-Mute College.

GRADUATING EXERCISES, ETC.

(Washington Correspondence of the *Empire Daily Advertiser*, April 28.)

The old superstitions regarding those whom nature had created with imperfect minds, or without the power of communicating their mental experiences in vocal language, were curious. We find in the time of the Black Prince that deaf-mutes were recognized as a lower order of humanity than their more fortunate brethren, but since their intelligence was apparent they were allowed certain liberties in all households, coming even to the court, and entering the banquet halls, but never by any chance sitting with the guests nor allowed to serve them. They might watch the feast with their bright eyes till all the guests were served, then the broken fragments in the trenchers, or chance morsels thrown to them as to the dogs, were their only portion. In our own land, since the beginning of the century, deaf-mutes were ranked with idiots in the eye of the law. Only a few years ago, in the face of all their wonderful progress, General Butler declared a deaf-mute was but half a man. I hardly think the General would say that now, especially if it were his good fortune to be present at the graduating exercises of the National Deaf-mute College, as I was one on Wednesday afternoon. The regular college year terminates with the last week of June, but the weather is then so warm that President Gallaudet wisely arranged for the public ceremonies at this pleasant season.

This National Deaf-mute College was founded through the benevolent interest of Hon. Amos Kendall, whose personal sympathies had made him enthusiastic concerning these children of silence, and in young Edward Gallaudet, the son of a mute mother and a father whose name will always be revered. Mr. Kendall found him a willing helper. In more incomplete establishments, it had already been proved that this unfortunate class was not deficient in intellect; they only lacked the ordinary power of expression; their education had been carried through ordinary branches; they eagerly wished for something still beyond, and Mr. Gallaudet desired to see an institution that would fit them thoroughly for any place in life, especially for that of instructors in their own ranks. The battle against the prejudice and ignorance of generations was hard, but Congress at length made an appropriation, and the college was founded.

There is a preparatory department, but in the collegiate course all branches comprised in the ordinary classical list have been included. One can comprehend how physical and mathematical sciences may be grasped by these deaf-mutes, but we are amazed when we find that mental philosophy and logic are quite as readily understood and acquired. The college is located a little out of the city, upon the beautiful grounds formerly attached to Mr. Kendall's private residence, and still called Kendall Green. The Professors' houses form a pretty cluster at a little distance from the chapel, and carriages sweep up a drive bordered with trees and shrubs. We were a little early on Wednesday; a group of students were standing upon the lawn, intent upon something which one of their number was telling. They would interrupt his rapid signs with questioning gestures, and we watched them with interest; but once in the chapel we forgot the little group in the presence of the larger one. The pupils were seated, as happily excited and as joyously expectant as any students could be on commencement day. There is no distinction here of "race, color or previous condition," so several dusky faces appeared among the fairer ones, and all were dressed in gala costume.

One rarely meets a gentleman of courtly-manners than President Gallaudet; he never fails in the least or greatest requirement, and the students will be very likely to follow their teacher. The portrait of Thomas Gallaudet (the first apostle who preached in America the gospel of possible education of mutes), being at the back of the platform, while in a front seat, dressed in a simple richness best becoming her silver hair, sat his widow, now more than seventy-seven years old, and a charming woman in every relation of life; nine children have called her mother, not in tones that you and I would use, for Mrs. Gallaudet has never heard a sound of any kind, but in a voiceless language whose eloquent tenderness is most expressive. Not one of her children has inherited her misfortune, and there are few scores more beautiful than that of President Gallaudet escorting his mother to parties and receptions, proudly introducing her and swiftly translating all that is said. At these commencement exercises, we missed the music usual on such occasions; it seemed as if we had in some way invaded the kingdom of silence, and that its leaden sceptre was over us.

Dr. Mitchell offered the opening prayer. Beside him stood Professor Gordon with closed eyes reverently following and translating the spoken petition by signs. Then came an oration by Mr. Teegarden from Iowa, who is only a partial mute; he hears nothing now, but he has a dim memory of the sounds once familiar, so while delivering his oration you could see by the motion of his lips that to him words were realities and signs an acquired accomplishment. The event of the afternoon was the oration of Wm. Geo. Jones, of New York, on the "Pictures of Creation." This young man is the son of an actress at the Bowery theatre; in person he is very short and very broad, but you would never guess the capabilities of expression hid under that smooth, good-humored face; he gave us pictures of creation indeed. Professor Fay read his theme, but Mr. Jones' gestures were so vividly graphic that we scarcely needed to listen. It was amazing; there seemed to be nerves of motion everywhere; even his cheeks seemed

to possess special muscles, which made them quiver in funniest movement, and all the audience were in convulsions of laughter, while he who made the sport only showed his consciousness of its absurdity by a queer twinkle in his blue eyes. Of course he was rapturously applauded. He could see the motion of the clapping hands, and his arms were filled with bouquets.

There are twenty-five thousand deaf-mutes in our country. Other Institutions and schools give them the common branches, but here their teachers must be fitted, and Congress has made it possible for almost any one to secure the advantages offered. One hundred and fifty dollars a year cover all expenses of board and tuition for those able to pay, while some kind provision has been made for the children of poverty who hunger for knowledge.

When I went through the class rooms a year ago, I noticed a little boy with a head like a coconut, covered with closely curling wool, for the face was black as charcoal, but the eyes were blue as violets, some boyish freak attracted my attention, and the teacher made him write on his slate answers to various questions, and told me instances of his topsyturvy mischief. He seemed to know what he was saying, and was delighted that he had been noticed. Wednesday, when the crowd of pupils was passing out, a black boy left the ranks and extended his hand to me with a smile of recognition. I know I looked puzzled, for I had quite forgotten the dusky face. He laughed, touched a bit of blue ribbon on my dress, and pointed to his own eyes, sure I would understand. And having received my salutation, walked away exultant. It was a very little thing, but when I contrasted his prospects for life with those which were his before he came here, I felt like singing a doxology for this marvelous work which has redeemed so many deathless minds from a bondage that seemed hopeless.

## News of the Week.

The old Declaration of Independence has been sent to Philadelphia, where the military will receive it.

Governor Richard Coke was elected United States senator from Texas, Friday.

At Cleveland, O., Thursday evening, a row between union and non-union molders, resulted in the shooting and dangerously wounding of one of the latter.

The failure of Harvey Adams & Co., Springfield, Mass., results in the closing of six mills in different parts of the State. The mills ran one thousand looms on print goods, and some eight hundred people are thrown out of employment.

The apportionment bill failed in the Assembly for the want of one vote. Sixty-four votes were recorded in its favor. The Monroe members voted in the negative, because an amendment giving their county four members had been rejected.

The Legislature, pursuant to joint resolution adjourned Wednesday. During a riot at Salonica, European Turkey, Saturday, between Greek Christians and Mohammedans for the possession of a convent, the German and French consuls were killed by the populace.

Silver is to be paid in the ordinary disbursements of the government.

Three revenue gaugers and two store-keepers were sentenced at St. Louis, Saturday, to imprisonments ranging from six to fifteen months and \$1,000 fine each.

The New York Women's Centennial Union has collected over \$21,000 for the women's department at the centennial.

A destructive tornado visited Chicago, Saturday.

Unprecedented rainfalls are reported from Kansas, Missouri and other western States.

A terrific explosion of dynamite near Bergen tunnel, Jersey City, Saturday night, shattered some 5,000 houses to a greater or less extent.

Miss Ada C. Sweet, pension agent at Chicago, testifies that she paid \$8,000 to ex-Agent Blakely and United States Marshall Campbell for the position.

Tweed is said to have been at Georgian Bay, 100 miles from Toronto, all winter. The trouble in Barbadoes still continues.

Twelve thousand Carlist officers have been readmitted to the Spanish army with the ranks held before desertion.

Ex-Queens Isabella and Christine will return to Spain.

An arrangement has been concluded with the French group of financiers, by which the whole Egyptian debt, \$450,000,000 is to be funded in sixty-three-year 7 per cent. bonds.

There was a severe shock of earthquake in Guadalupe, on April 12.

At Thompsonville, Conn., Sunday, three men named Simeon Mills, John Johnson, and Ezra Marks, were drowned while crossing the river by the upsetting of a boat.

At Troy, Saturday evening, a non-union moulder named Alexander, and a friend named Mills, not a moulder, were set upon in the street by union men, and they took refuge in a drug store. Subsequently, while the police were conveying them to a place of safety, they were set upon by a mob of union men, armed with stones and bricks, and Alexander shot one of his assailants, mortally wounding him. The police station where they were quartered was surrounded all night by a riotous mob, who threatened lynch law.

Seven French vessels engaged in the Iceland fisheries have been lost.

The audience at Anna Dickinson's debut in Boston was the largest the Globe theatre ever contained.

The Liberal Republican National Committee met in this city and called a National Convention to meet in Philadelphia on July 29.

The National Reform League, a new



## CENTENNIAL LETTER.

How the Preparations Progress—The Cost of Living—Where Visitors can get their Regular "Hash" and Leave their Pocket-books—A Large Clock—Beer or no Beer, That's the Question.

(From our regular Correspondent.)

The tenth of May was approaching fast, As through a Quaker village passed A youth who bore, for goodly price, A banner with the proud device, "Centennial."

A week has made little change in the aspect of Centennial affairs, though a very large quantity of exhibitors' stock has arrived during that time. The work of unpacking and arranging it is going forward with rapidity, while a good deal of the loose boxes on the grounds and in the buildings. But, anyhow, it is here, and gives encouraging evidence that there is going to be something to see after all. At one time there was almost a complete blockade in the unloading of cars, but better system is now observed, and the work goes on more smoothly. There is some talk of putting on a double force all round, exhibitors and all, and working night and day to hasten the unpacking and arranging process, and unless this is decided upon the situation May 10th will be about as indicated in my last letter. I notice that a great many "things" forwarded for exhibition are considerably damaged in transportation. So far, more than two-thirds of the articles in the building are from foreign exhibitors. The interest manifested by foreign countries and foreign enterprise is really astonishing, and will not be fully realized except by those who witness it.

A complete resume of the display to be made by the different States cannot well be given for a few days, as I find few of the separate State buildings are ready. Some of them appear to have acted upon the old maxim of "better late than never." But there is no end of really interesting things to write about in general way, and I cannot begin to give your readers the details they want in one, or in half a dozen letters. The question of expense is the all important one to most people who contemplate seeing the show. Besides, the item of railroad fare, referred to last week, there is the matter of living while here. Both these items of expense are going to be too high for the majority of people unless they take a tumble, though the cost of living promises to be less extortionate than the cost of getting here. The leading hotels have put their prices at \$5 per day, averaging \$1 more than their ordinary prices. This is, of course, an outrage, yet there is no way to prevent it, and they justify themselves on the ground that they will be "chock full" with people who can afford to pay high rates. The more modest hotels will charge from \$3 to \$4 per day, prices which they could not get at any other time.

But they all expect to be full, and more than full, and are providing themselves with extra cots for use in their parlors and ante-rooms. To them, as to business people of every class here, "hope tells a flattering tale," and we will not wish them any disappointment. The Philadelphia merchant whose coffers the dull times have lately depleted, tells his importunate creditor to wait till after the Centennial—and he waits.

But aside from the hotels there is the everlasting boarding house, more numerous here at this time than in any other city on earth except Washington. In these, people can live at a little less than hotel rates, although in proportion to the accommodations and luxuries offered, their charges are the highest. About two dollars per day is the common price among them, and from that to three dollars. I had a plain conversation with a woman who runs one of them, a day or two since, just after she had shown me a little corner room about seven by nine, scantily furnished, in which she proposed to put two persons at two dollars per day each. In ordinary times she would have had hard work to rent it to one person at eight dollars or nine dollars per week with board, but she said the Centennial Lodging and Boarding House Association had established these rates and recommended people to maintain them. There is no reason why the people of Philadelphia should plunder visitors to the city by means of unusual and unreasonable charges, but they look forward to it as their harvest, and intend to make the most of it. They present this view of the case openly and freely, and argue that increased demand justifies increased price. There are plenty of patriotic people here whose interest in the Centennial is entirely apart from any motives of gain; but they are neither the tradesmen nor keepers of caravansaries. The rates given above cover about the range of cost as far as can be regulated by the lodging-house monopoly, but those who come to stay any length of time and are willing to go out some distance on the lines of street cars can do better. A joint stock concern known as the Patrons' Centennial Encampment has been organized with a capital of \$150,000, and is erecting buildings on a forty acre tract at Elm Station on the Pennsylvania railroad. The plan is to rent rooms at one dollar per day, and furnish meals at fifty cents, though the farming classes, who are expected to patronize it, may bring their own provisions if they choose.

Several outdoor boarding and encampment speculations, apparently reasonable in their purposes, are under way, but there is no telling what comforts they will possess or to what degree of degeneracy, dirt, and disorder they may finally come. Many people will prefer to take quarters at rural retreats a few miles from the city, and to these every encouragement will be given by the local lines of travel. All this is not very racy reading, but will interest those who want to know the facts. The funny side of the picture will present itself when the crowd gathers and the performance begins inside the canvas.

The cargo of additional British exhibits recently brought by the Pennsylvania is valued at \$1,500,000, and is said to be the most valuable cargo of any kind that ever arrived in America from Great Britain. Colonel Sandford, joint executive commissioner, tells a good story of his Grace, the Duke of Richmond, Lord President of the British Council of the Centennial. It appears that a certain English lady of high rank and culture is the possessor of a magnificent painting, which the Duke desired to borrow for exhibition. It is but recently that he received the additional title of Duke of Gordon, and in making known his wishes to the lady in question he affixed his signature as "Richmond and Gordon." The lady supposing the missive to have come from some business firm of which she knew nothing addressed a reply declining to lend them her picture. As a consequence, the collection of paintings arrived one short of the number at first intended to be shipped.

The clock for Memorial Hall has been completed in Thomaston, Conn. It has 1,160 pieces, the estimated weight of all being six tons. The main wheels are four feet in diameter. The pendulum ball and rod weigh respectively 700 and 800 pounds, the rod being 14 feet long and connected with the clockwork by what is known as the gravity escapement, and makes two-second beats. The rod is of steel, and to compensate for contraction and expansion is encased in two cylinders, one of zinc and one of steel, which by their relative expansion upward, maintain a uniform centre of oscillation. A meeting of the full board of Commissioners is now in session, forty-one States and Territories being represented. Among the problems that weigh heavily upon the minds of all this assembled wisdom is the question whether liquor of any sort shall be sold upon the grounds and whether the Exposition shall be kept open on Sundays. Petitions and memorials are being sent against both these propositions are before the board, and I predict a negative decision.

Washington Street, London.

It is especially gratifying to Americans to see in the London Times a suggestion made to the Metropolitan Board of Works that the name of the new and important thoroughfare between Charing Cross and Victoria Embankment shall be "Washington street or place, in honor of one of the best and bravest men that the English race has ever produced." The writer in the London Times also proposes that the corners of that thoroughfare shall be adorned with that armorial shield of stars and stripes which, as he says, "from being for centuries the badge of an old English family, is now that of a great nation."—Commercial Advertiser.

The other day a Detroit, who has a good record of army service, took down his revolver to shoot a cat which had been hanging about the house. After looking at him while he fired six shots, the cat walked away. While he was loading up for more destruction, the shooter's small boy inquired, "Father, did you ever kill any one while you were in the army?" "I suppose so, my son." After a long pause the boy continued, "Then you must have got near enough to him with an axe, didn't you?" It was then discovered to be about school time.

An illiterate preacher in Illinois improves upon the ordinary version of the Holy Scriptures by sermonizing from the text: "First cast out the bean that is in yer own eye, and then you'll know how to cast out the oats that is in his'n." This probably rendered the command more effectively in the agricultural districts.

They tell this story of a Maine greenhorn, who recently made a visit to the Hub: Seeing a hotel sign, he entered and inquired the price of lodging. "One dollar," said the obliging clerk, handing him a pen and pointing to the register. "What am I to do with this here pen?" said the rustic. "Why, put your name on the book," said the clerk, and I will assign you a room at once." "Not as you know on," said the young man from Maine; "you don't catch me, my father signed his name onto a book, such as those 'ere patent right fellows carry round—not nigh so big as that— and he had to pay \$1,000. No, sir, 'ee, I can pay my way, but I don't sign no note, you bet!"

An exchange says: "Fashionable gentlemen's collars are becoming higher and higher, and from a back view only a small portion of their patens are visible. If the mania continues, a bandbox with the bottom knocked out and a place cut in front for a necktie, will not be very far out of the way. Stripes and spots, too, are favorites."

Of Iowa's population over sixteen years of age, only one in 168 cannot read.

A young lady, when invited to partake of the pudding, replied, "No, many thanks, my dear madame. By no manner of means. I have already indulged the clamorous calls of a craving appetite, until the manifest sense of an internal fullness admonishes me to stay; my deficiency is entirely and satisfactorily satisfied."

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All kinds of business in this line executed with promptness and accuracy, outside of school hours. Instrument mounted with powerful telescope. C. C. STOWELL. W. H. BALLOU, Mexico, May 4, 1876.

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We shall make the

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B. G. LEWIS, Attorney for Insolvent.

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## OSWEGO COUNTY COURT—County of Oswego and State of New York.

Robert Simpson against James Lodge, Mary Ann Lodge and James Rogan.

To the above defendants: You are hereby summoned and